

BUGS AND WINGS
AND OTHER THINGS

~ ANNIE W. FRANCHOT ~



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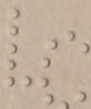
BUGS AND WINGS AND OTHER THINGS

BY
ANNIE W. FRANCHOT

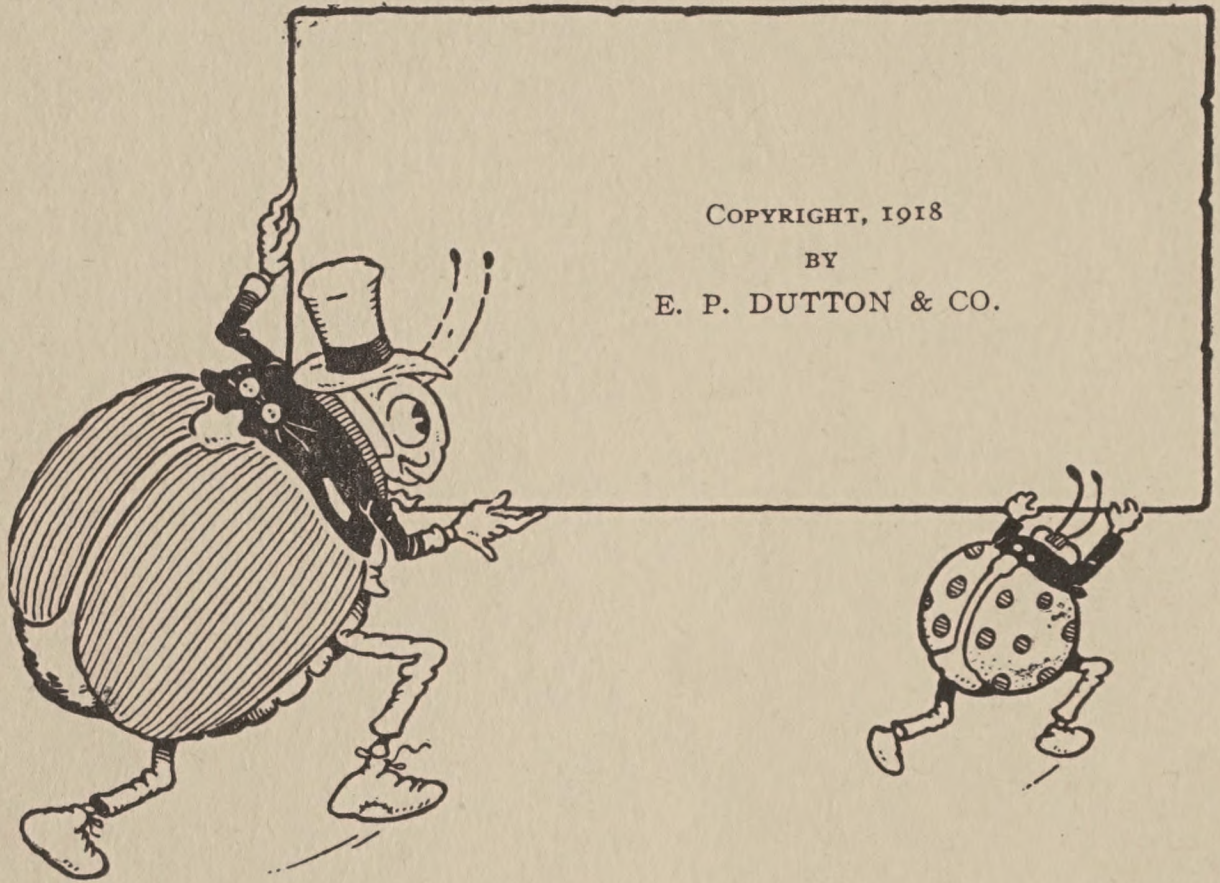
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To

MARGARET

WHO LOVES ALL LITTLE LIVING THINGS

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THE INSECTS' SYMPHONY

Bugs and Wings and Other Things

THE INSECTS' SYMPHONY

"All around me the insects' symphony rises and falls."

H. FABRE.

CHAPTER I

MARGARET'S mother was having tea with some friends in the garden, and Margaret—or Myee as everyone called her—heard her mother say, "The sun is a very ball of gold to-night."

Myee had been tucked away in her little bed for the night and should have been asleep, but the picture of the ball of gold made her wide awake, and she decided she would see if she could find it; so out of bed she jumped, pulled on her little

blue wrapper and her bed-slippers, and away she ran down the stairs, through the back garden gate, out beyond the tall hedge to the near-by woods, where, through the trees, she saw the great round sun going down—truly it *did* look like a ball of gold. Myee ran through the woods to the west as fast as she could go; in bed-slippers that *would* come off and wrapper that *would* drag and get under her flying feet. She thought if she ran fast enough she might catch the great golden ball before it went quite down back of the hill. As she ran she tripped and fell many times, for she kept her eyes on the ball, and not on her feet. The moss, however, was soft, and the falls didn't hurt, and she jumped up only to run the faster. Just as she thought one more good run would bring her to the edge of the world, where the sun was slipping down so fast, she fell headlong over a fallen tree, and her nose was poked down so hard in the moss and twigs, and her curls were so tangled in the sticks and stones,

that it took some time to get untangled. When she stood up again and looked to the west, behold the great ball had rolled completely out of sight over the hill.

Margaret sank down upon the trunk of the tree over which she had tumbled, and would have cried out her troubles, but she couldn't find her pocket handkerchief; and how could anyone cry without a pocket handkerchief, no matter how small and wudgy it might be! So Myee sat still and listened to the sounds about her; she loved the woods and all the little creatures who lived there, and she did not feel lonely

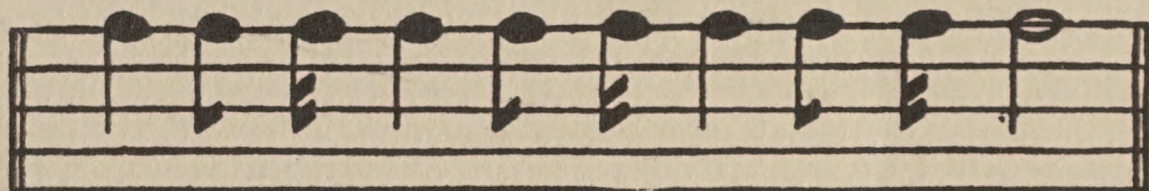
When she heard the familiar sound of a cricket near by, she turned in delight to see sitting on a spreading mandrake leaf, two crickets—a father and mother cricket. The father cricket was fiddling to his wife with his wings raised and rubbing together. His wife stood very near and moved her head until it almost touched the wings,

as if she thought the music was so delightful she feared to lose a single note of what, to her, was the sweetest song in the world—everyone to their own taste, you know.

The song Mr. Cricket sang was something like this,

CRICKET SONG

We are a family of high degree;
In France we are known as Cri-cri,
Crickety, Crickety, Crickety, Cri,
Crickety, Crickety, Cri.



Our songs we sing by warm hearth fires,
Or in cool woods, or quaggy mires,
Crickety, Crickety, Crickety, Cri,
Crickety, Crickety, Cri.

Several little boy crickets came out from their

burrows under the ground and joined in the chorus of the song,

Crickety, Crickety, Crickety, Cri, Cri, Cri, Cri.



CRICKETS SINGING

Margaret thought it was a very happy family. Many insects of the woods had gathered to hear the music. Madam Cricket said to her husband, "My dear Crick, I think it best to rest now for a time, but what do you say to our giving a concert for our friends to-night, under the old willow

tree by the brook? The moon will shine overhead and we can ask Mrs. Firefly to come with her



“MY DEAR CRICK. I THINK IT BEST TO REST NOW FOR A TIME”

large family to furnish the lights for the musicians. I will ask the Queen Bee of the Honey Bees to send some honey by her workers for our

supper. Our cousins, the Locusts and Katy-dids, will help us with the music."

"Well said, my dear Cri Cri," said the father cricket, "but how will we let our friends know?"

"Oh, let me take the invitations," said Myee, who had kept still much longer than she was accustomed to do.

Mr. and Mrs. Cricket, and all the little Crickets, looked up at her delightedly, but Mrs. Cricket said, "How can such a big little girl go into the houses of the woods?"

Myee's face fell, and all the little Crickets looked very sad. Just then a moonbeam shone through the trees, and down its bright slanting length came a beautiful little fairy, who lighted on a fern at Myee's feet and said, "What is the trouble, why are you all so sad?" And when Myee told her how hard it was to be so big when all her friends were small, the fairy said, "Would you really like to be a wee little girl for one night, so that you may enter the homes of the

wood-people?" Myee clapped her hands with joy, and said, "Please, please dear Fairy, make me as small as you are, so that I may go into all the places that my friends of the woods can go."

The fairy clapped her tiny hands; the sound was like a sweet strain of music. No one seemed at all surprised when Myee became a dear little fat fairy, with long golden curls and wings to match her curls, with spots on them the color of her blue eyes. Myee's mother and father had told her all about fairies, and so she was not at all surprised to be made a fairy so quickly.

"I feel so light I could dance all night," she said.

"Now you may try your wings, Fairy Myee, for you have far to go if you take the invitations for Mrs. Cricket's concert to all of her friends, for they are many."

"Here is a list of names of the people you are to ask to the concert," said Madam Cricket, bringing to Myee a piece of the bark from a white

birch-tree all carefully rolled and tied with a tendril from a wild grapevine. After a few directions, Myee tucked the list carefully away under her wings. "Now, can I really fly?" she said to the fairy. "Mother never told me so, but I always believed if I were not so big I could fly, for when I have chased the birds and butterflies in the garden I have almost felt my wings."

"One—two—three,
Try your wings and see,"

said the fairy.

CHAPTER II

“**N**OW-AWAY my dear Myee,” said Madam Cricket. “Your first call is at the home of Madam Mason Spider, who lives under the ground near the sand banks. You will see a round door in the ground, tap very lightly, and say that you were sent by me, and the door will fly open. Don’t forget the time and place: to-night at nine o’clock under the old willow tree by the brook.” Madam Cricket hurried away to make her family ready for the evening.

Margaret lifted her wings, and away she flew. The fairy watched her until she felt sure that the wings were right, and then she stepped on the moonbeam and flew lightly over the tree-tops and away.



SHE SPINS A WEB NEAR BY AND CATCHES MANY A STRUTTING BUG OR FLY

Margaret wanted to light on every wild flower in the woods, but she knew that she must attend to her duty, so she went first to the spring to call on Madam Mason Spider. Here she found the trapdoor slightly lifted, or I doubt if she could have found the place. Madam Spider had heard the flutter of wings, and came to her door to see who was passing. She was a curious old spider lady, you see; she wanted to know what was going on in her world.

She greeted Myee, and seemed to know at once who she was, for she asked her into her parlor. Myee said she could not stay long, as she had many calls to make before nine o'clock, but Madam Spider took her in to show her the beautiful parlor whose walls were of the finest woven silk of her own weaving. No artist has ever made more exquisite tapestries. No wonder the old spider lady never goes out by day when she has such a safe and beautiful place in which to live.

Her entrance door is a very clever arrangement. She certainly doesn't care for much fresh air, for her door is about the size of a penny and so made that it closes itself. The door is very thick, made of fine earth which is wet and worked into shape with fine silk to make it elastic, then it is hung in place by hinges of elastic silk. It is so arranged that the door fits tightly into the opening of the house, and when opened closes immediately as if on a spring. The socket into which the door fits is all bound with silk like that on the hinges.

Madam Spider protects her hiding place, or home, well. She glues bits of moss and sticks over the door, which makes it almost impossible to be detected.

At sunset this rich old spider lady goes out of her beautiful tapestried parlor to seek her dinner. She spins a web near by and catches many a strutting bug or fly. If she chances to see a nice fat locust or beetle near she picks him

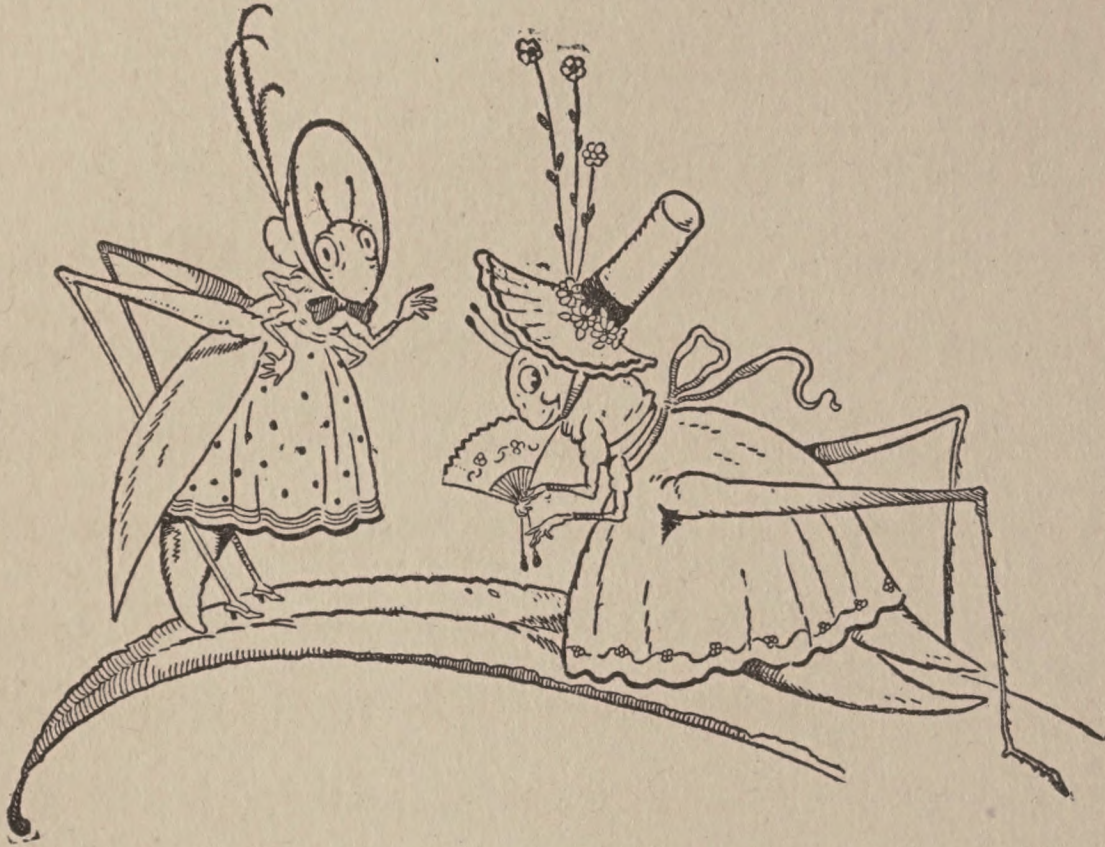
up and carries him away to her home to fill her larder.

Myee was rather glad when her message was delivered and she was safely out in the open air again.

Away she flew to the home of the Katydids. This visit in the trees she quite enjoyed, for the Katydids are such jolly people and they wear such pretty bright green clothes. Fairy Myee sat on a twig of an oak tree and told Mrs. Katydid and her daughter of the concert and of all the people who were coming. Just as she was flying away she turned to make sure that she had done her duty, and asked Mrs. Katydid if she had understood she was invited to sing, and the reply came very clear, "Katydid, Katydid," and then the daughter mischievously called back, "No, Katydidn't, Katydidn't," but Fairy Myee saw the twinkle in Katydid's eye, and she laughed and went on her way.

The next family to be visited were the Ants.

Myee remembered a verse her mother had read to her from the Bible, "Go to the ant thou sluggard and learn his ways"; and Myee, not knowing what a sluggard was, wondered if she



"KATYDID, KATYDIDN'T"

were one, for surely she was going to the Ant, and she would keep her eyes open to learn what his ways were.

As she neared the sand bank she saw a queer little figure sitting on a stone with his head in his hands and his elbows resting on his knees. He

was so interested in watching the Ants before him that he did not see Myee until she fluttered down on a leaf beside him; then he looked up and smiled a crooked smile at her as she said, "Do you mind telling me who you are, I think that I have seen you before?"

"You must know me," said the little man in a cracked little voice, "I'm the crooked man who walked a crooked mile and found a crooked sixpence upon a crooked stile." "Oh! yes, indeed I remember. I always did want to know what you did with that crooked sixpence," said Myee. The little man smiled crookedly from his crooked face, then looked very sad and said, "I will tell you, curious little Fairy: I took it to a shop to buy a wooden leg to see if it would straighten my crooked body, but you see it was a crooked sixpence and it bought only a crooked leg, so I'm no better off than before." "Poor crooked man," said Myee, but the little man looked at her and said, "You need not pity me, little Fairy, for I



"DO YOU MIND TELLING ME WHO YOU ARE?"

have eyes to see all the wonderful and beautiful things of the earth, and I have ears to hear the



CROOKED LITTLE MAN

music of the world and a heart to love all that is good and beautiful, so what matters a few crooks in my legs and back? This is a favorite place with me. I like to sit here and watch the world

of Ants. I can learn the whole business of life from them." "Oh, *you* are the Sluggard then, I thought *I* must be," said Myee.

The Crooked Man laughed his crooked laugh and said, "Well, we are all sluggards when it comes to the Ant. I have been watching a battle going on here. If it were bright sunlight instead of moonlight, you would see much better, but if you watch carefully you will see an army of Ants in a long line. They pull and tug at the enemy with great force, and then if not successful they stand on their backs and throw a poisonous acid from their stomachs. When several thousands of Ants in a battle shoot this acid, which is deadly, at the enemy, it makes you think the fighting armies in Europe must have gone to the Ants to learn their ways. The Ants are very brave soldiers. They have no king or commanding officer, but they work together like well-trained regiments of soldiers. They have no guns or swords, but they have their own weapons

—their nippers with which they can bite, and some have stings in their tails—but I am forgetting myself,” said the Crooked Little Man, “You are a little girl fairy and should know



THE NEXT FAMILY TO BE VISITED WERE THE ANTS

nothing of enemies and war. Please forgive me.”

“Oh, don’t mention it, Sir; but I would like to know what those busy Ants are doing over there by the ant hills?”

“Ah! Those are the nurses taking care of the baby ants. They are very good nurses too. They have, you can see, on all their legs fine soft hairs and these they use to brush the babies. They shampoo and massage just like real people, and in their little homes they have nurseries for the babies and stables for their cows.”

“Cows,” exclaimed Myee. “Do Ants have cows?”

“Surely they do,” said the little man. “Did you ever see the little green bugs on your mother’s rose bushes? She calls them Aphis, but they are the Ant’s cows, and they milk them by stroking them very carefully until the Aphis sheds through the two horns near the tail, the sweet juice she has drawn from the plant. Sometimes the Ant strokes the Aphis until she loosens her hold of the plant, and then he carries her away to his ant hill and keeps her in his stable, to be milked when necessary.”

"My mother has told me that Ants are very wicked and keep slaves," said Myee.

"It is true, my dear, that they keep slaves; there are black ants and red ants. There is one kind of ant called the Amazon Ant, and they are



A WARRIOR ANT

the fighters. That is their business, and they must have someone to do their work and take care of their children while they are away from home, so toward evening, about sunset, they start out for their prey. They attack some ant hill of Black Ants. They surround it, and by

their force of numbers and strength they kill the Ants on guard and rush into the different rooms in the ant-hill and carry away the little baby Ants and their eggs, not taking the grown-up Ants. They take the young Ants and eggs home to their nurses, who are slaves, having been taken in the same way. These nurses take the eggs and babies and care for them very tenderly, and when the eggs are hatched the baby Ants all play together and the little black slave Ants are brought up with the red children of the Amazons. The slave Ants take all the care of the nursery. They build and repair the houses, and it is they who go out and bring in the Aphis cows for their masters. They keep the keys of the house and lock the doors every night and open them every morning."

"How do they talk?" asked Myee.

"I wish that I might know," said the little man; "they must talk a language we cannot hear or understand. They are wonderful little crea-



SHE ASKED THEM IF THEY WOULD COME TO THE CONCERT AND
FURNISH LIGHT FOR THE MUSICIANS

tures, and I have learned much wisdom by my visits to their homes."

"Well," said Myee, "I must not stay any longer, although I would like to learn more about the Ants' ways. Do you mind giving to the queen Ant, Mrs. Cricket's invitation for this evening's concert? You know her, you see, and I don't."

"I will be delighted to do so," said the Crooked Man, as he said good-bye. Myee, as she turned to fly away, said, "I am sure Mrs. Cricket would ask you if she knew you were in the woods." "Don't worry, little Fairy, I shall come to the Concert, for I know the Crickets very well. If only my crooked legs don't carry me in some other direction, I never can tell."

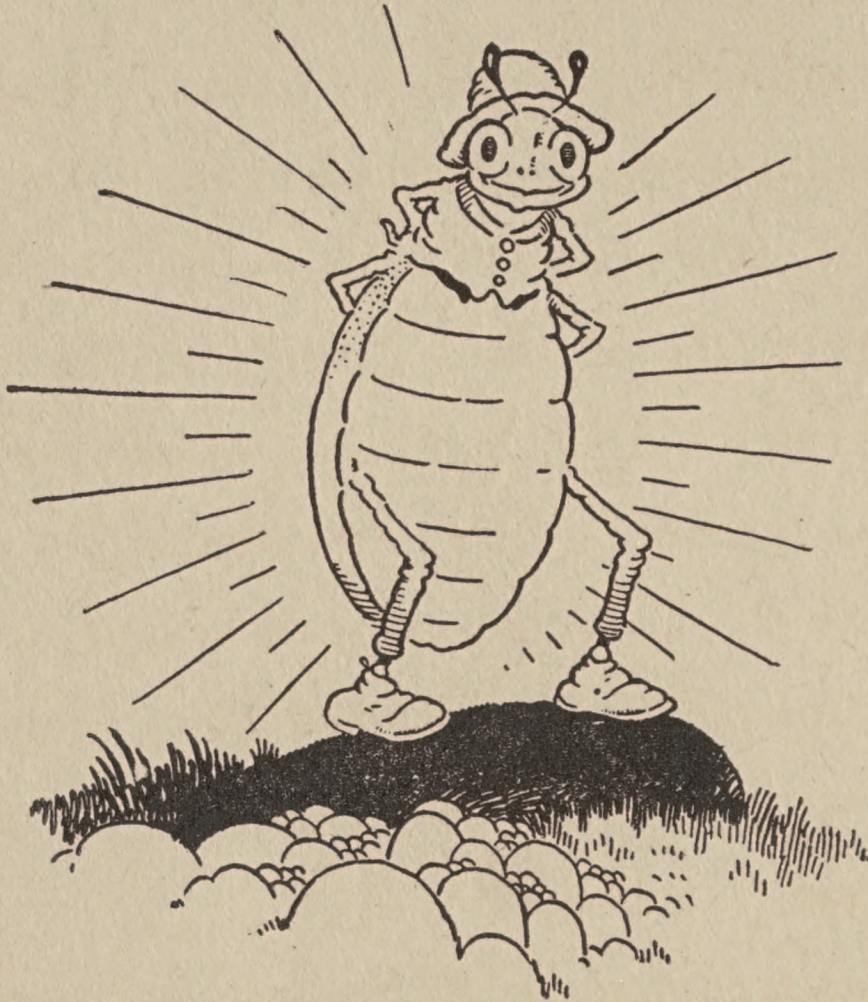
"Oh, I am so sorry," said Myee, "I wish I could give you wings like mine, these are only mine for to-night."

Myee flew away to carry her invitations. She liked to fly through the tree-tops and see the



FIREFLIES

pretty pictures the moonlight made on the leaves. As she was on her way to the Fireflies, she saw the loveliest yellow Butterfly, caught in the web



FIREFLY

of a Spider, who had spun her web from one tree to another, to catch any careless passer-by. Myee went to the Butterfly and said, "You pretty, pretty lady, I will save you," and then she caught the Butterfly by both wings and drew

her away just as Mrs. Spider came running out on the silken thread. Myee folded the hurt Butterfly in her own wings and flew on. It was easy to find the City of the Fireflies, for it was very brilliantly lighted. It was called the "Sparkling City," and the twinkling lights shone far into the wood. A number of the young Fireflies gathered about Myee, and she looked very pretty indeed, lighted up by the soft lanterns of the Flies. She asked them if they would come to the Concert and furnish lights for the musicians. They all twinkled "Yes" together. Some of the boys lighted Myee on her way into the woods.

She must now go to the Hollow Tree where the Honey Bees swarmed. As she neared the tree, she saw a number of Bees standing about the opening in the Hollow Tree, and Myee was a bit frightened, for she thought they might think she was coming to take the honey they had worked so hard to make, but as she came up to the tree, she

saw they were sentinels guarding the opening in the tree, and she told them at once what her errand was and they took her in to meet the Queen Bee, but first they had to break the wax door at the entrance. As they passed through the door, a number of Bees flew in with them, and Myee noticed some of them had little red tufts on their legs; some of these busy Bees were bringing wax to make the combs or rooms to hold the honey and some were bringing nectar gathered from the flowers in near by gardens. The little fellows with tufts on their legs had gathered pollen from the flowers, by poking their bodies into the pollen until they were all covered, and then they brushed the pollen together until it was made into a tiny ball. They never mix the pollen of one flower with another—these wise little workers.

The Bees who carry the honey and the wax, carry their stores in their throats, and Myee saw some of the workers, who came in with her, open

their throats and give their store of nectar to an old Bee, who carried it to the cells. He was too feeble to fly about and gather honey, but he could work in the cells, and so did each Busy Bee "improve each shining hour."

Myee was very fortunate to be taken in to see the Queen Bee, for very few people ever see her. She never works a day in her life. She is just a "Thing of beauty and a joy forever," and is petted and admired by the other bees, who seem to be perfectly happy to work for her, but she couldn't do much flying about, if she wanted to, for her wings are very short and would not carry her far.

Myee bowed low before the queen and gave her message from Mrs. Cricket.

"Thank you, pretty Fairy," said the Queen, "I will be glad to send Mrs. Cricket honey from my comb, and I will also send some of my young men who are the best hummers to hum for the dancing."

While the Queen was talking, Myee saw the Bees, who had come in with her, working very hard. Some were adding little lumps of wax to the comb that the comb builders were building on the ceiling of the house, others were busy bringing the nectar of flowers to store away in cells already made. Myee heard what sounded to her like the music of many jew's-harps, but she soon saw that it was the Honey Bees singing at their work, and that is what they hummed:

“You know we are imported
From Europe, far away,
The nectar here is sweetest,
And so we're going to stay.
Hum, Hum, Hum; Buzz, Buzz, Buzz!”

Myee would like to have stayed longer, to watch the bees “improving every shining hour,” and to listen to their busy, buzzing music, but remembering the many places she had still to visit, she

made her prettiest curtsey to the Queen and turned to go, but the Queen said, "One minute, little Fairy; do you know which honey Madam Cricket likes better—that made from the nectar from the clover blossoms, or the pollen of the bluebells?" Myee tried to look wise and said, "I am quite sure, your Royal Highness, that Madam Cricket will be pleased with *your* taste in honey," and lifting her wings as well as she could and not disturb the butterfly, Myee curt-sied again and backed her way out. The guards opened the wax door, and closed it carefully after she had flown out.

Myee fluttered about, wondering what direction to take to find the home of the Locust. She flew to a branch of a big locust tree and there she heard the well-known singing of a Locust just above her, and looking up, she saw Mr. Locust and two of his grandchildren whom he was teaching to sing, and this is what he sang:

“Beware of ants and spiders,
They are our enemies;
Beware of ants and spiders
Oh, listen now to me.

“The spiders spin their webs, I say,
To catch young locusts while at play,
So listen to my words, I pray;
Beware of ants and spiders night or day.”

Myee listened to the words of the wise Grandfather Locust until the song was finished and then fluttered her left wing (under the right she had the pretty butterfly carefully wrapped) to attract the attention of Mr. Locust. The little Locusts saw her first and said, “Oh, Granddaddy, see the beautiful Fairy.” As Mr. Locust turned to her, Myee said, “I’m very sorry to interrupt your singing-lessons, Sir, but I am in a great hurry. I am giving Mrs. Cricket’s invitations for a Concert she is giving to-night at nine o’clock, under the old willow tree, by the brook. She

wanted me to ask you if you and your family would come and take part in the singing." "I shall be very glad to help my cousin, Mrs. Cricket, in her entertainment. Who will furnish the lights?" "The Fireflies have promised to do that," said Myee, and Mr. Locust seemed pleased. Myee said, "You will surely remember the hour and place, won't you?" and lifting her wings, fluttered to the ground. While poised on her toes, ready to fly again, she heard a loud humming and stopped to see what it could be. Flying very swiftly above her was a beautiful little creature, all glistening in the moonlight in colors of green and ruby. She thought it must be another Fairy and she called to the restless little creature, "Do stop a minute, pretty Fairy, and tell me who you are and why you are in such a hurry." A sweet voice replied, "I am not a Fairy, but just a ruby throated Humming Bird, and I must hurry to gather food from the flowers before they fade, for I have a little nest

in a hedge not far away, and it is full of hungry



MR. HUMMING BIRD

little babies whom I must feed. Farewell, little Fairy. I would like to hum the time away with you, but you can see it is my duty not to linger

on my way." Away she flew, and Myee thought she had never seen so beautiful a thing.

Now on her way back to the Willow Tree she remembered Madam Cricket had told her to look out for the Dragon Fly and to give him his invitation if she met him; there was no need of going to his home, for he was always on the wing. To tell the truth, Myee was very much afraid of meeting him, for a Dragon of any kind sounded scary. As she was flying along over a marshy place, where tall reeds grew, she heard a whirr, whirr, and she was so scared she dropped on a cat-o'-nine-tails near by, and there, right over her, was a queer looking fellow with a beautiful blue body, long silvery wings, and popping big round eyes. On his back he was carrying a Granddaddy Longlegs, who looked very sad and ill; he had lost several of his legs. Myee did not know that this was the dreaded Dragon Fly or she would have been more scared than she was.

When she did get courage to say, "Who are you, and why are you carrying away poor Granddaddy Longlegs?" the beautiful fellow was on the wing, and as he passed he called, "I am the great Dragon Fly." "Oh," called Myee, very much scared but remembering her duty, "come to Mrs. Cricket's party to-night at nine under the willow tree by the brook." The Dragon Fly nodded and buzzed, and whirred away with his burden, and Myee thought he was very beautiful but very wicked to have taken Granddaddy Longlegs prisoner, as she supposed he had done; for wasn't he a Dragon Fly? Again Myee started on her way, but when she came to a path in the woods she did not know which way to turn, and she suddenly realized she was lost. She stepped on a moonbeam and flew away to the top of a tree to see if she could see any of her friends, but not a sound did she hear nor a friend did she see. She wanted to cry, but she thought Fairies never cried, for she remembered



"I AM THE GREAT DRAGON FLY."



MR. WALKING STICK

her Daddy once told her she must be "as happy as a Fairy."

While wondering what to do, she looked about her; she thought she saw something moving on a dead branch near by, and soon a queer, awkward jointed creature came walking up to her and said, "What is your trouble, little Fairy? No one should be unhappy such a beautiful moonlight night." "But I am lost, and even if it is moonlight I can't be happy until I find my friend Madam Cricket. It is late and I must be back at the willow tree by nine o'clock to help Madam Cricket at the Concert."

"A concert! And am I not invited?"

"If you will please tell me who you are, I will tell you, for I have the list," Myee said, much embarrassed.

"Don't you know me? Look at my arms and legs and see if you don't remember." "Of course I know," said Myee, "you are Mr. Walking Stick whose home is in the trees. I



"YOU ARE MR. WALKING STICK WHOSE HOME IS IN THE TREES"

remember meeting you one time when I was climbing an old tree in the garden and I thought you were a dead twig—oh, excuse me please, I mean—a nice twig on the tree.”

The Walking Stick looked a trifle hurt and then smiled a kindly smile and said, “Well, little Fairy, if you will trust this ‘dead twig,’ I will try to take you safely home to the willow tree.” Myee had been looking carefully through her list of names, and looking up with a bright smile she said, “Here is your name, and you must come to the Concert, Mr. Walking Stick.” “I certainly will, my dear Fairy, and if you will wait just a minute, until I brush up a bit to make myself ready, I will go with you to the willow tree”; and, turning away, Mr. Walking Stick brushed his arms off with his legs and his legs with his arms, much in the same way that a cat takes her bath. His toilet quickly over he turned to Myee and crooking his long jointed arm he offered it to her. Myee took the crooked arm

and they started on their way, but poor little Myee had to hop, skip, and jump to keep up, and finally she said, "Would you mind very much if I were to use my wings, for it is hard to hop so much, you know." The Walking Stick threw up his jointed head and laughed and said, "Oh, you pretty Fairy, I know why you want to use your wings, they are just new." And Myee blushed very rosy pink and said, "Well, you know they are only mine for to-night." "Yes, yes, I know," said Mr. Walking Stick. "You flutter along on your wings and I will lead the way." And off they went, a funny pair indeed.

CHAPTER III

"In your company, oh, my crickets, I feel the throbbing of life which is the soul of our lump of clay."—H. FABRE.

IT seemed a long way to Myee, for she did not realize how far she had flown with her new wings, how many places she had visited, and how time flies.

The Walking Stick was very kind and tried to make Myee forget the distance. When they came to the brook, they heard a sound of music, and Myee forgot all her fears and tired wings and cried, "Oh, that is the voice of the Crickets, we must be near." And sure enough they soon came to the willow tree under which the Cricket family were practicing their song for the evening. All were gathering about Father Cricket, who was fiddling with all his best airs and graces.

"You must remember the song is very quickly

made up and the poetry may be a bit queer," said Myee to Mr. Walking Stick when they came near to the musicians.

Madam Cricket was standing near Mr. Cricket, with her head held high, trying hard to sing her song of welcome, making it up as she sang. As she was not a songstress nor a poetess the effort was great:

"Welcome to our wood to-night,
The man in the moon is smiling bright."

So far, and no farther, could poor Madam Cricket go. "You try, Crick dear," she said, almost in tears.

Raising his wings and tuning them a bit while collecting his thoughts, Mr. Cricket began:

"All you Ants and Bees and Beetles,
Katydid and Darning Needles;
Beetles—Needles——!
Hum—Hum—

“Oh I give it up!” sighed Mr. Cricket.

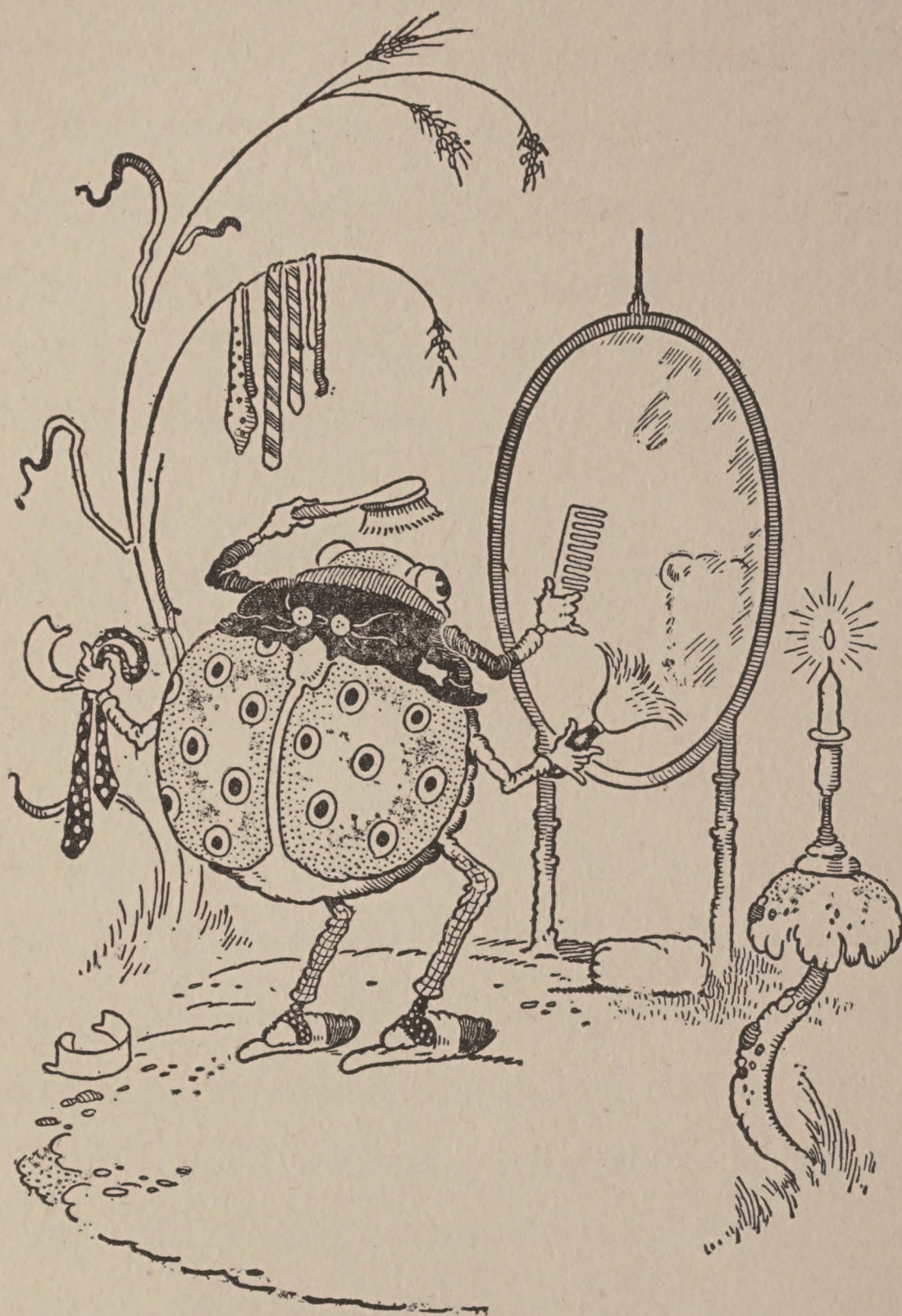
All the little Crickets chirped up and finished the song:

“Sing and dance, hey-diddle-diddle,
While we Crickets play the fiddle.”

“Well done! Well done! My dears,” said the mother and father in a tone of relief.

Myee was quite out of breath when she and Mr. Walking Stick reached the Crickets. The whole family greeted her warmly and thanked Mr. Walking Stick for his kindness in bringing her to them. Madam Cricket took Fairy Myee aside to ask her about the invitations—who had accepted and who had declined. She was greatly pleased to know that her cousins the Locusts and Katydids would come to help and take part in the music for the evening and that the Fireflies would furnish the light and Mrs. Honey Bee the supper.

Mr. Cricket called them to receive the Ants,



GETTING READY FOR THE CONCERT

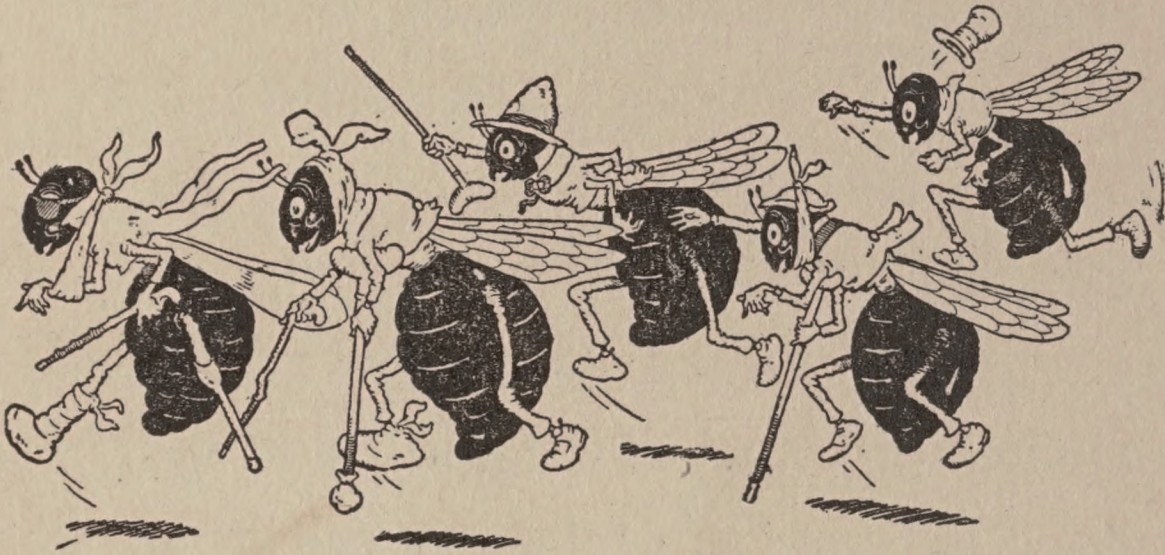
who had come in full force, really quite a regiment, Amazons, slaves, and all.

Mrs. Mason Spider soon came, covered with a gorgeous silken evening wrap of her own weaving. Mrs. Grasshopper came hopping along next, and then came the whole Locust family. They made such a clatter, one wondered what was the matter.

Then another company of Red Ants came pouring in, in whole regiments, some of them on crutches, and some with bandaged heads, heroes of the recent battle. They ran about here and there stirring everyone up until they found a corner to their liking on the root of the old willow. Soon there was sound of distant music, it grew nearer, and nearer, and finally a whole swarm of Honey Bees arrived, each bearing a flower filled with honey, which they presented to Madam Cricket. There was a group of mushrooms around the foot of the willow tree and on these Madam Cricket

asked the Honey Bees to put the honey filled flowers.

While Myee sat watching the entrance of the interesting guests, she thought she heard a sob as if someone were quietly crying, and looking



SOME OF THEM ON CRUTCHES AND SOME WITH BANDAGED HEADS

about she saw in a corner of a leaf near by a magnificent brown and yellow butterfly with head bowed and wings folded. Myee's warm heart always went out to anyone in trouble, and she went to the butterfly and touching his bowed head said, "Dear Mr. Butterfly, why do you cry?" Lifting a sad face to Myee, Mr. Butterfly said, "Beautiful Fairy, I am sad and

lonely, I have lost the loveliest wife in the world. My Golden Butterfly.” Lifting her right wing Myee said, “Look, dear Sir, can this be your beautiful Butterfly?” And out fluttered the wounded golden Butterfly. She was gathered at once to the wings of her mate, who fluttered a world of thanks to Myee as he flew away with his mate on his outspread wings. It was growing dark, and although the moon was full, the leaves of the willow tree would only let a few moonbeams through and all were glad when the Fireflies came and lighted the woods all about with their bright lanterns.

A family of mischievous Fleas were passing and were asked to come in and hear the music. They were so small it was hard to see them, but they made themselves felt by nipping at everyone who came near them, and then hiding quickly before they could be caught.

Madam Cricket, when she thought everyone had come, tapped her antennæ on a dead leaf

and said, "My dear friends and relatives, I have asked you to come to-night, each of you to take your part in an entertainment for our little friend



MR. GRAMPS

Myee, who loves all the people of the woods and who is with us only for the night. Ah! Here is our friend Mr. Blue-tail Fly. So glad to see you, Sir. I think I will call on you for the first song, and Gramps, our Bullfrog neighbor, has promised

the music." Bowing low, Madam Cricket sat down, and Gramps began, "Gramp, Gramp, Gramp, Grampety, Gramp, Gramp, Gramp," and Mr. Blue-tail Fly cleared his throat and settled his wings, and then when all was still began to sing to Mr. Gramps' accompaniment:

THE SONG OF THE BLUE-TAILED FLY

"There's various kinds of curious things
That travels around on insect wings;
Some hatches in June, and some in July,
But August brings dis Blue-tail Fly.

I wish I had more to sing to-night,
But I've eaten too much and my jacket is tight."

And this made all the company laugh. Mr. Blue-tail Fly flew away and sat beside a pretty Firefly on a watercress leaf by the brookside.

Just as Madam Cricket got up to ask someone else to take part there was a whirr! whirr! and in flew Mr. Dragon Fly, and on his back he still



MR. BLUE-TAIL FLY CLEARED HIS THROAT AND SETTLED HIS WINGS, AND
WHEN ALL WAS STILL, BEGAN TO SING TO
MR. CRAMP'S ACCOMPANIMENT.

carried old Granddaddy Longlegs. He landed at the side of Madam Cricket, and putting down his burden he said, "Dear Madam Cricket, you



"BUZZ, BUZZ. WHAT IS THE MATTER?" SAID A BUSY BEE

are so kind to all deserving insects, won't you do something for this poor old man?"

"Buzz, buzz," said a busy Bee, "What is the matter, has he lost some legs?" "Yes," said

Mr. Dragon Fly. "When I found him he was in the hands of a cruel little boy, who was holding him by one leg and then by another and asking him such a silly question, 'Granddaddy, Granddaddy, tell me where are the cows,' just as if poor old Granddaddy knew where his cows were. One leg after another came off in his efforts to be free. I got there just in time to whirr around that boy's face until he dropped Granddaddy. I then picked him up quickly and carried him away, and here I am. I have done all I know how to do in first aid to the injured, but I have no legs to give him."

Madam Cricket had taken Granddaddy from Mr. Dragon Fly and was carefully looking over his wounds. "There is a family of Crane Flies living on the edge of the wood," she said, "and they are closely related to our Granddaddy here and I know will be willing to give him a leg to help out. Will you fly over there, Dragon, and tell them poor Granddaddy's plight. By the way,



AND THEY THEN PUT HIM TO SLEEP ON A SOFT BED OF MOSS.

you must take one of the Saw Flies with you to take off the leg. Bring it back as quickly as you can, and I know with the wax from our Honey Bees we can bandage the leg on, and poor Mr. Granddaddy can then get about, although he will probably have to walk on crutches the rest of his days."

Off flew the Dragon Fly on his surgical errand, and it was not long before he came whirring back with a hairlike leg which Madam Cricket, with the aid of the Honey Bees, attached to Granddaddy, and they then put him to sleep on a soft bed of moss, and no one seemed to have a doubt but he was well cared for.

The Concert began again, the Katydids, Locusts, and Crickets sang a wonderful medley which to Myee seemed pretty loud, but each voice was in tune and the audience seemed to enjoy it. After this, little Miss Tree Hopper came out and a smile went around the audience, for she is such a funny looking little bug girl.

Her face is so queer and old and her body so fat, but she can sing, and sing she did, until her queer fat throat looked as if it would burst. When her song was finished there was a long buzz of relief from the insects in the tree and on the ground.

The next to appear was a family of House Flies, and this is the chorus of the song they buzzed:

“I’m but a busy, buzzing house fly,
To make the most of life I try;
A fly’s life is short I swear,
And that of a house fly is full of care;
Men *swat* us here, they swat us there,
Our nests are swept clean,
Our cupboards laid bare,
We’re never wanted anywhere.”

“That is very true,” sighed Myee, sorry for the first time for the miserable House Flies. No one else seemed to think they were to be pitied, and

the Dragon Fly whispered to Myee, "They are no use, anyway." At which Myee jumped, for she could not get over the feeling that he was a Dragon after all, in spite of his kindness to Granddaddy Longlegs. "His eyes are so big,



PREPARING THE SUPPER

and he looks so fierce," confided Myee to the Walking Stick.

When the different insect guests had taken their parts in the entertainment, there was a few minutes' rest for supper, which all enjoyed, and then Madam Cricket said, "We are to have a great treat to-night, my friends. Miss Thrush

has come to sing in the tree overhead for the dance of the Fairies. At which a sweet note sounded above them, and down the moonbeams came a group of beautiful Fairies. They came



THE THRUSH SINGS

to Myee and took her with them to dance. As the sweet notes of the Thrush came clearer and clearer, the Fairies danced and danced, making the moonbeams dance with them. Myee was beside herself with delight. On and on the

sweet voice sang, on and on the little feet danced until Myee sank on the mossy bank so tired she fell sound asleep.

The voice of the songstress grew fainter and fainter as she flew away to her mate. The Fairies gathered about the sleeping Myee. The insects went to their homes in the ground and the trees. All was hushed and still. The Fairies waved their hands to the Night Wind, and he came softly down and lifted little Myee on his soft billowy wings and carried her away home, while the Fairies flew by her side. Over the tree-tops and over the sleeping flowers in the garden they flew until they came to the open window of Myee's room. In they flew, and on the little white bed they laid the sleeping little girl, and with a wand they touched her wings, and Lo! she was a big girl again. Out the window the Night Wind and the Fairies flew, and Myee snuggling in her pillow said, "Please Mamma, take care of my wings."

THE LOCUST'S SONG

THE LOCUST'S SONG

"The infinitesimal telling its joys makes me forget the pageant of the stars."—H. FABRE.

"**T**WHIRR—Twhirr—Twhirr—Buzz-z-z"
sang Mr. Locust as he sat on a leaf of
an old locust tree in the beautiful garden of Mount Vernon on the Potomac River.

Mr. Locust was singing his song over and over again, having a good time all by himself. He was very happy until an ant came bustling along under the tree and looking up said:

"Please stop that noise up there."

Mr. Locust stopped long enough to nibble on a tender bit of a leaf, and then began singing again.

"Twhirr—Twhirr—Twhirr—Buzz-z-z."

A number of ants came out from the ant hill near by, and again one said:

“You must stop that noise up there. It is worse than the gardener’s mowing machine. It disturbs us very much, our little Antlets cannot sleep, and you make our Queen very nervous.”

Still Mr. Locust sang on with his head high in the air.

The ants hurried back to the hill, and when they came again they brought their army of slaves. They halted under the tree while one ran up the tree trunk and out on the branch where Mr. Locust was merrily singing his song. Going close to him he said, “I am giving you fair warning, unless you stop this croaking at once, our army, waiting below, will take you prisoner.”

To which Mr. Locust, undisturbed by the threat, replied, “Croaking, did you say? Do you know that my ancestors have sung in this garden at Mount Vernon for six or eight generations of locusts? Even Madam Washington and Nellie Custis listened to our songs, as they walked along these paths, and now you, a little



UP THE TREE TRUNK THEY SCURRIED AND IN THE NAME OF THEIR QUEEN
THEY TOOK POOR MRS. LOCUST PRISONER.

Amazon ant, come and call my song a croak.” And Mr. Locust raised his head and again began to “Twhirr—Twhirr—Twhirr—Buzz-z-z,” but was stopped instantly by a quick—“Stop, I say,” from the ant near him and those below him. He looked very sad.

Was ancestry to count for nothing with these restless, domineering little creatures about him? To have one's ancestry and voice both treated so sniffingly by a little ant was hard indeed to bear, and he sat lost in thought for some time, but habit was strong, and, forgetting ants and ancestors, he soon was twhirring and buzzing again at his song. This was too much for the ants, and down the one ant ran, and gave his order to the slaves; up the tree trunk they scurried, and in the name of their queen they took poor Mr. Locust prisoner and carried him, still bravely singing, to the ant hill where the queen decided there was no other way to stop his croaking but to bury him. So a deep hole was dug under the locust tree,

and singing his "swan song" poor Mr. Locust was buried down deep in the ground, and the ants went busily on at their work. Day after day and year after year went by. The ants worked and played and fought their battles.

Seventeen years had passed since the morning when the ants captured and buried Mr. Locust.

Early one morning the black ants came running to the Queen in great excitement, saying, "There has been an earthquake and there is a great crack before the hill." At the Queen's orders the ants hurriedly gathered sand and filled the crack, and quiet was once more restored. The next morning the ants were wakened by a quaking sensation, and soon the song of a locust burst upon their astonished ears, and through the crack that came to their door they saw the head of a locust. The ants were too astonished to act or speak for a minute. The locust drew his

whole body from the ground and stood before them a full grown insect.

"Where—where did you come from? Where have you been all this time?" gasped one ant after another.

The locust shook himself and in so doing shed



THE ANTS WERE TOO ASTONISHED TO ACT OR SPEAK FOR A MINUTE

his last scale, then feeling very important over the sensation he was creating, he said,

"Seventeen years ago to-day my father was alive and singing—" "Croaking, croaking," interrupted the ants. "Singing," went on the young locust, "in his home on the locust tree when you or your ancestors interrupted his song,

and buried him under this tree. At that time he said his son should come in seventeen years to avenge his death, and here I am, a full grown seventeen year locust. Where are the ants or their descendants who buried my dear father alive?"

The ants were angry and indignant and started to make quick work of this impudent young Mr. Locust, but the Queen ant clapped her antennæ together and quieting the ants said,

"Let us consider, young Mr. Locust. This is our home under the locust tree, and we are a busy people and need our rest. We must not be disturbed when sleeping. The croaking of a locust is very annoying to the ears of our ants, and especially to our little antlets. We feel you too must die."

"Oh, good and great Queen, I beg for a little time to live," said the young locust, very much scared. "I have seen nothing of life, you know. To spend seventeen years underground before

you can come out finished, may be very developing, but not very jolly for a young Locust like myself.

“I did not know there were so many of you, and I did not know our music could worry anyone. I am very sorry and am willing to make up for my father's mistake by keeping my music to myself—hard though it may be. Only let me see the garden where my ancestors have lived in centuries past. Just let me taste one drop of dew from the clover, one nibble from the fresh young cabbage in the kitchen garden of which my mother told me. Just one little taste of life I beg.”

Another consultation was held, and then the Queen turned to the young Locust who stood on the edge of the crack waiting in tense excitement the verdict.

Ah! “To be or not to be;”

That was his question,

Whether to endure the verdict
Of outrageous little ants
Or take arms against them,
And perhaps so end them,
Or to die; to sleep;
Perchance to only dream
Of dewy fields and crisp green meadows.

But before he reached his decision the Queen stood out before him and said:

“We have decided you shall live one day on trial and under these conditions: If you will promise not to croak or sing (if you will call it singing) your song within hearing distance of our ant hill, and that you shall do some good deed before the day is done and report to me to-night, then I will say if you shall live or die.”

Gratefully Mr. Locust thanked the Ants and bowing low to the Queen, said:

“Most Gracious and Just Majesty, I thank you for one day at least of life. I will go forth

with the desire to do good deeds, and I promise you shall not hear my song."

Jumping over the crack, Mr. Locust went hopping into the garden. It was early morning and the flowers in the garden were wet and sparkling with dew. The young Locust, full of the enthusiasm of youth and the joy of a new life, sipped dew from every flower until he was too full to fly and sank upon a leaf of the box border to rest.

It was while resting there, that, looking about him, he saw through an opening in the hedge what he knew must be the kitchen garden, and lo! right before him were the beautiful round green balls of cabbage of Locust history so well described by his mother.

Forgetting he was tired, up Mr. Locust hopped and over the hedge he flew and lighted on a bright green cabbage leaf, he nipped a bit to try.

"O how sweet life is," said he, and ate and ate until the cabbage looked like moth-eaten feathers,

and Mr. Locust looked too fat to hop; but his time was short and he wanted to see and eat



AND LIGHTING ON A BIG GREEN CABBAGE LEAF

all he possibly could before his day was done.

So off he flew over hedge and through the meadow until he came to a little walled-in garden. Being very curious he hopped up on the wall, and behold! there before him was a garden to make

any Locust glad to be alive even for one day. Row after row of the most beautiful hearts of lettuce, bed after bed of cabbage, spinach and chard, and no one there to scare one away. So over the wall and into the garden flew Mr. Locust and seated himself on a leaf of early spinach, when, to his surprise, he found he was not alone after all, for stooping over a bed near by was a little old woman with one hand resting on a staff, while with the other she was carefully taking the weeds from the beds. Mr. Locust sat very still and pulled a leaf over his head so that he might not be seen. Soon he heard the little old woman talking to herself, say:

“Though I am very lame and old and though I have been very poor and alone since my good Michael died, I can raise as good vegetables as any of my neighbors, and these fine heads of lettuce and cabbage should bring me money enough to keep me warm this winter if only the terrible enemy the seventeen-year locusts do not

come again," and resting on her staff she counted on her work-worn fingers.

"Yes, it is seventeen years since the locusts came and filled my garden and ate everything I had worked so hard to make grow and left me cold and hungry all that bitter winter. Can it be they will come again this year?" Mr. Locust saw tears in the old woman's eyes.

In his desire to comfort her whose trouble seemed much worse than his own, young Mr. Locust quite forgot himself and twirled unconsciously, and the old woman started in terror.

"What is that sound? Can it be the twirling of the locusts I heard seventeen years ago to-day? Ah, no, it must not be!" and the old woman shivered and shook.

Mr. Locust longed to tell her that he was only out to do good deeds that day, but when he saw how she trembled at the sound of his voice he hopped away under the leaves and hid until the

old woman had finished her work and had hobbled away into the house.

A very sober-minded young man was young Mr. Locust when he came out from hiding and flew out of the garden determined to put temptation behind him. As he was flying along on his way to Mount Vernon he heard the familiar buzzing sound of many locusts on the wing, and before he had gone far from the old woman's garden he looked up and there were hundreds and hundreds of locusts alighting on the grass before him.

"Oh, my Uncles, Aunts, and Cousins, where have you come from and where are you going in such a hurry?" asked Mr. Locust as his relatives and friends gathered around him.

"We have come from Arlington House, not far away, and we are looking for the garden just before us which, in our family history of seventeen years ago, is said to have been full of the best green vegetables of quality on the banks of the Potomac."

“Halt, then, my relatives and friends, and turn away, for I have just come from that garden, and not a leaf would I touch, nor must you, for that garden belongs to a poor old woman all alone in the world and dependent upon those very vegetables from her garden for her winter warmth and comfort. Our ancestors seventeen years ago ate her garden bare and brought great suffering upon her, so go back and finish your evening meal in the fields or by the roadside, and so by this good deed of sacrifice make up for the wrong done to this poor woman by our ancestors.”

The army of locusts rose and obedient to the command of their serious young relative flew away to other fields, and our young locust went back to Mount Vernon through the flowers and boxwood until he came to the ant hill under the locust tree. He longed to sing a song of gratitude to the world for giving him such a happy day, but he knew he was too near the ant hill,

and so he kept still and quietly went to the door of the hill and knocked, which opened ; he entered and bowing low before the Queen Ant told of his day and of the poor old woman and her garden and the turning away of his relatives and friends from the garden. The Queen looked at him very sweetly and said, "You don't seem to realize, young man, that you have done a deed so good that you deserve a long life. Go forth into the garden and live and sing to your heart's content, and may you live to do many more kind deeds."

ARISTOCRATIC WORMS

ARISTOCRATIC WORMS

THE garden at Mount Vernon was fresh and fragrant after a soft summer shower.

It was late in the afternoon of a warm August day. Along the box-bordered paths—where in generations past Madam Martha and Gen. George Washington strolled with their friends—now crawled a colony of Angle Worms of all sizes. Two worms much larger and more important looking than the rest separated themselves from the others and rested together on some broad wet leaves that had fallen from the linden trees overhead.

You may not be overfond of worms, but when you have heard the story of these two Angle Worms, descended from the aristocracy of English and French Gardens, you will, I am sure,

hereafter feel an interest in these creatures of the earth and turn aside lest you bruise one under foot.



"TELL ME MY FRIEND, HOW DID YOU COME HERE?"

The Worm of French ancestry nodded her head gracefully as a French Worm would, and said to the big Worm at her side, "Tell me, my friend, how did you come here? You do not carry yourself like the other worms of our garden. You crawl with great dignity and your air is superior to those about you. Why is it?"

The English Worm slowly drew himself up—half way up—his long length—and raising his proud head said, “I will tell you the history of my family as it has been handed down to me from generation to generation, and you shall then judge for yourself if I have not the right to carry myself with dignity.

“My Ancestress was one of a large family of Angle Worms that lived in a beautiful garden of Surrey, England, owned and cared for by Mistress Priscilla Westwood.

“The young Mistress of the Garden had a way of coming out in early morning bringing a very disagreeable long spade, such, I fancy you know, as we suffer from here in our gardener’s hands at times. The Earth Worms then, as now, squirmed with fear, lest they would be cut in pieces. That process is supposed to create a larger family, of course, but it isn’t pleasant to be sliced into sisters and brothers by a sharp spade. Is it?”

The French Worm shook her head sympathetically, and the English Worm continued, "My Ancestress said it was necessary for Miss Priscilla to spade the ground to keep the earth they lived in fresh and light.

"In the evening the Mistress, in a gentler mood, carried no tools of torture but strolled through the Garden, enjoying her flowers' sweet fragrance. She always stepped carefully lest she hurt any of her garden family, no matter how small.

"One beautiful evening, late in the summer of 1620, my Ancestress was crawling with her friends in the moist sod around the old Sun Dial in the garden, when Mistress Priscilla came down the path looking, my Ancestress said, very beautiful, dressed in white, a deep pink rose in her golden hair, and another in her belt. In her hand she carried a broad hat trimmed with a wreath of roses and blue ribbons that matched the color of her eyes. She wandered through the paths between the box-bordered rosebeds, and

when she sat in the rose-covered arbor she looked like a beautiful rose herself. The whole garden was alive to her beauty.

“Soon, however, the quiet of the garden was broken by the quick, heavy footsteps of a man. The worms crawled back into their earth hole until the big man passed, but curiosity soon brought them out again, for they must know everything of interest to their Mistress. The Garden people had seen the man before and had often heard him declare his love for their beautiful Mistress, but before, he had always gone out of the garden alone.

“This evening the young man walked with his head high, with the air of a king coming for his queen. All the ears and eyes of the Garden were open to know the errand of this disturber of their peace. The man lost no time in looking about the garden, but went straight to the arbor, where he found the loveliest flower of all; he took Mistress Priscilla’s hands and said—not

waiting to sit down—‘Priscilla, the *Mayflower* sails for the New World day after to-morrow and I must go as I have promised; I cannot go without you. Say you will go with me as my bride. *There* we will make a new home; a new garden, just like this one you love. There are great things to be done in this New England to which we are sailing, over the sea. The New World needs such women as you, and, oh, Priscilla! I need you; say you will come with me—say yes!’

“No ears in the garden heard the answer, for just then a Nightingale came from its nest in the hedge and perching on the arbor sang a sweet love-song to its mate. The man did not go alone out of the garden that night. Mistress Priscilla was at his side and hand-in-hand together they walked in the moonlight, down the garden path to the house. The Man-in-the-Moon looked wise and the little stars winkled and twinkled as if with joy.

“The next morning, bright and early, into the

arden came Mistress Priscilla with basket and
ade. Hurriedly she took up a few roots of her
st loved plants. Rose Champion—Lavender
l Rosemary—Thyme and Rue—pretty Eng-
Violets—Canterbury Bells—Broom and
e of the hardiest roses, a root of the sturdy
lish Thrift, and more, I am sure, were packed
he big basket. Tearfully Mistress Priscilla
it through her garden saying good-by to the
etty blossoms. Lovingly she touched the
ew and Holly—tall trees—many of them ages
lder than the Mistress herself. In this garden
most of the days of Priscilla's life had been spent,
and she dearly loved it all, but the handsome,
earnest young lover with his call to the New
World had won her heart, and she must go.
With a sigh and last farewell she picked up her
basket and went from the garden, and that, my
friend, is the way my ancestors were transplanted
from the Old to the New World—in the earth in
Mistress Priscilla's basket on board the *May-*

flower. My Ancestress said it was a long and weary journey and there was no room to crawl about; they were badly cramped in the basket, but Mistress Priscilla and the new Master were very kind and gave them water every day to drink. One day they heard shouts, 'Land ahead! America, America!' It was not long before the basket and worms, with all the rest, were landed on a great rock on the shores of New England, and this they called Plymouth Rock.

"The home to which Mistress Priscilla was taken by her new husband was made of logs and had but two rooms; these had great open fireplaces in which were burned logs cut from the great trees of the forest on the edge of which the house stood. Mistress Priscilla, my Ancestress said, lost no time in beginning her garden. With the help of her husband she laid out paths planned from the old garden in Surrey. The deep green box could not endure the cold New

England climate, and one leaf after another withered and fell, but the sturdy Rose Champion, in whose roots my ancestors lived, grew



IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE THE BASKET AND WORMS WITH ALL
THE REST WERE LANDED ON A BIG ROCK

and spread and made a mass of color in one corner to the Mistress's delight. She always lingered long before that bed of soft gray velvety leaves and deep rose blossoms looking up so saucily at her.

“The English Thrift made a big effort to take the place of the Box in the border and spread its tiny roots right and left until, before the first summer was over, there was a long line of soft green with tufts of pink.

“The pretty English Violets made a bed of blue and shed their sweet fragrance through the garden to make their Mistress glad.

“My Ancestress said that the worms tried, as all worms of good blood would, to adapt themselves to the new life, but the earth was hard and rough, and the sod needed hundreds of years of care to make it a soft carpet like the sod of Old England. Everything was wild, shockingly wild, you know; coarse weeds would creep in under the hedge and refuse to be sent out, and prickly things called Thistles came and wanted to stay, to the dismay of the Mistress.

“At night there were such alarming sounds. The Master said it was the howling of wolves in the forest.



QUEER LOOKING MEN CALLED INDIANS SOMETIMES CREPT THROUGH
THE GARDEN.

“Queer looking men called Indians sometimes crept through the garden, and at night it was very unpleasant. They scared even the native worms, and much more the worms from old England, who had never seen anything outside their own garden. The skin of these men was dark and red, and their faces were painted with bright red paint, their hair was black as night, and very straight and long. They wore feathers in their hair and queer leather clothes and soft shoes called moccasins that made no noise. In their belt they wore an awful looking thing they called a tomahawk, and in their hands they carried long bows and arrows. The Indians, my Ancestress said, did not like the white men who came over the Great Water and took their land, giving little in return.

“Mistress Priscilla did not come into the garden the days that the Master had to go away on business, but stayed in the house with the doors and windows bolted and the Master’s great dog

by her side. These were lonely days in the garden.

“One night, just after sunset, a number of the worms of my ancestors’ family were out for a crawl in the garden. My Ancestress said she was curled under the Rose Champion, where she felt most at home. She had been watching for the return of her Master, for she knew her Mistress would have no rest until he came. Just as she heard his footsteps at the garden gate—the entrance to the house was through the garden—she felt some danger was near as out from the hedge crept a fierce looking Indian in all his war paint and feathers. My Ancestress crawled and wriggled until she got near enough to the garden path to warn the members of her family who were near the Indian. At that instant the Indian drew his bow, with the arrow pointed at the Master’s heart. ‘Oh, Mistress Priscilla, why don’t you come?’ cried the worms in agony, but she was not needed, for the brave worms in the

path crawled quickly under the heels and toes of the Indian as he stepped back to take his aim and he slipped on their round bodies and the arrow lost its force and dropped in the garden path, only a warning to the Master.

“The Indian ran swiftly and silently away as he came, and the Master picked up the poisoned arrow and went on into the house never knowing of the lives sacrificed to save his own, but Mistress Priscilla, when she came into the garden the next morning, found the place where the Indian stood and she knew at once who had made the sacrifice and her kind heart was grateful. She carefully lifted the bodies of the crushed worms and buried them under the leaves of the Rose Champion. As time went on there were many little pattering feet in the garden, but Mistress Priscilla always bade the children to be careful, lest they step on any worm in the path.

“When the children were grown and married, they brought their children and grandchildren

back to the garden and showed them the spot where my ancestors saved the life of their great-grandfather, so our story was handed down. As time went on the dear Mistress grew too old to care for the flowers she loved, but a great-granddaughter, Priscilla the third, was very like the Mistress Priscilla of the Surrey Garden, and she took the same loving care of all the flowers her great-grandmother brought from her home so far away.

“One day a dashing young officer of General Washington’s staff came and took our young Mistress Priscilla away, very much as her great-grandfather had carried away the first Priscilla, but we were not to be left behind, for our young Mistress Priscilla, as her great-grandmother had done before her, carried with her to her new home in Virginia, roots of the Rose Champion her great-grandmother loved, and in those roots I was curled with my wife and children, and that, dear friend, is how I came to be



AN ARISTOCRATIC WORM.

your neighbor, for my home is now in the Rose Champion roots in the garden on the other side of the big hedge."

The French Worm moved sympathetically closer to the English Worm and said after a pause, "A most interesting story dear Sir, and I can perfectly understand your pride of ancestry. My story is not unlike yours. The days of our ancestors must have been full of interest. Such chivalry! Such dash! My Ancestor said no venture was too great for a lord to dare for his lady.

"The history of my family in this country is not so old as yours. My Ancestor and his family came over in the bulbs of Lilies of France brought by the beautiful Marquise of Montfermeil from the garden of her Château, near Paris, when she fled from France, to avoid the guillotine, when all royal heads were in danger. In Albany, New York State, on the banks of the Hudson River she settled. There she made a garden,

as nearly as possible like the one at Montfermeil. She did not have the hardships to endure that your English Mistress had, her garden soil had been worked for many years, but the garden had been formed and planted by a Hollander, a Dutch Patroon, and the form was that of the Dutch. It was full of Tulips and Hyacinths, beautiful in the spring, but bare when the blossoms were gone. So Madame the Marquise reformed and replanted until the American garden surrounded by high plastered walls looked as if it had been lifted from Montfermeil and dropped on the banks of the Hudson.

“Madame the Marquise spent most of her days in the garden; there she received her guests, there she served her tea and chamomile and cakes.

“One afternoon my Ancestor and his friends were crawling about on the path when they heard voices and footsteps. They crawled into the sod and lifting their heads from the grass they saw their Madame walking through the

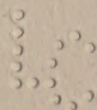
garden and with her were two men, one in the uniform of France and the other, a white-haired man, wearing the uniform of the United States Army. They spoke in French, but that, of course, my ancestors understood, as they never heard another language spoken; only at times, the sputtering of the old Dutch gardener at his work. The worms were glad to be out of the path, for the rattling spurs on the boots of the men made the pebbles fly from their feet. I wonder, my friend, if you have guessed who the two distinguished officers were? None other than General Lafayette and General Washington!" As the French Worm spoke these great names she bowed her head, and the English Worm did also.

The French Worm continued, "As Madame, the Marquise, took them through her garden she showed them with great pride the bed of beautiful Lilies she had brought from France. General Lafayette took off his hat and saluted the lovely, graceful blossoms, nodding on their long stems.

Then he turned to Madame and said, 'In the garden at Mount Vernon, Madam Washington loves to work among her flowers, but I am sure she has none so beautiful as these Lilies of our France. It would give me great pleasure, dear Friend, if you will send her some bulbs from your garden.' The General had not finished speaking before Madame the Marquise had summoned the gardener. The bulbs were taken up and carefully packed in General Washington's saddlebags, and that is how we came to live in this beautiful garden on the banks of the Potomac."

"So, humble though we may be," said the English Worm, "we have an ancestry many a bigger worm would envy."

"Hark!" said a friend crawling by, "I hear an enemy. Hide your heads. Cock Robin comes this way."







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